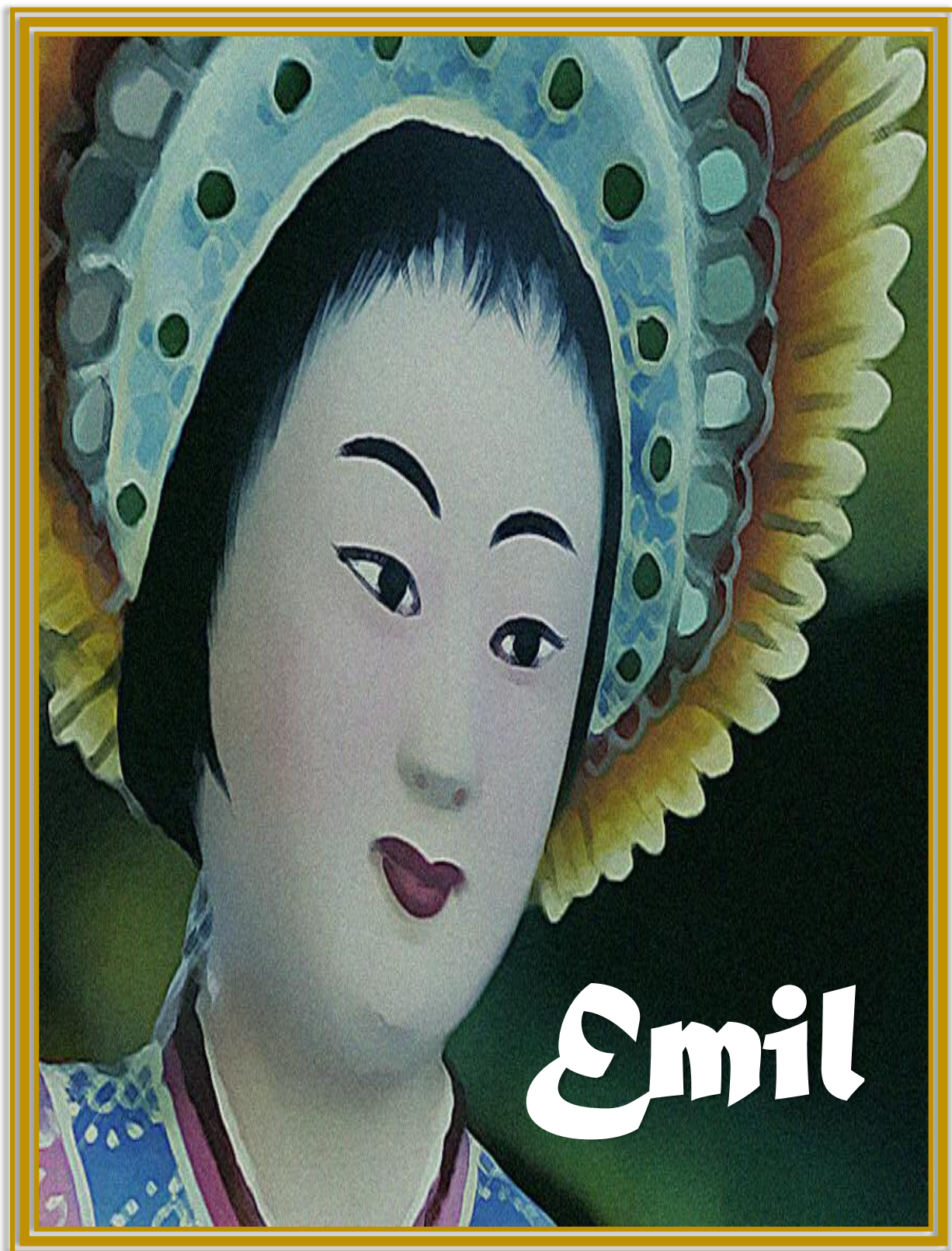


# **MYTHOLOGY OF A LONG REMEMBERED SMILE**



**GIOVANNI METRO STOP GALLERY**

# **MYTHOLOGY OF A LONG REMEMBERED SMILE**



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# **MYTHOLOGY OF A LONG REMEMBERED SMILE**

Kono Hana o Miya has the smell of an  
evil and untimely death conspired,  
compelled and as on that bright August  
morning; we are treated to the  
murmured cries of the lost souls, the  
sadly departed and those long forgotten.

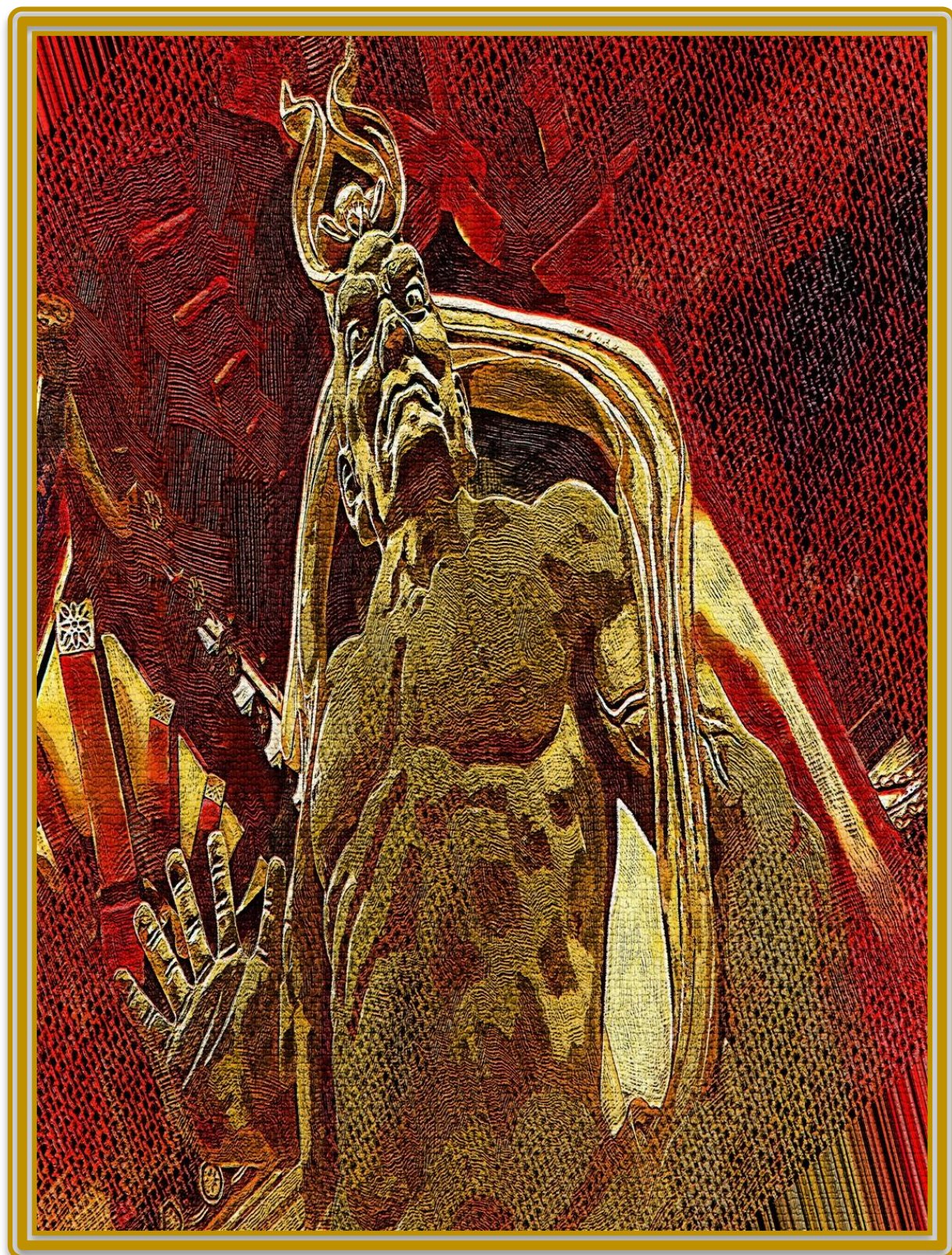
Kono Hano o Miya means to look at the  
flower and to see the untraditional  
DeStijl-like patterns and rhymes.

Some may feel that the nature of this  
volume steps backwards into the  
introverted seclusion that I would argue  
had never been further removed than a  
step backwards...

**- Emil, 1983**



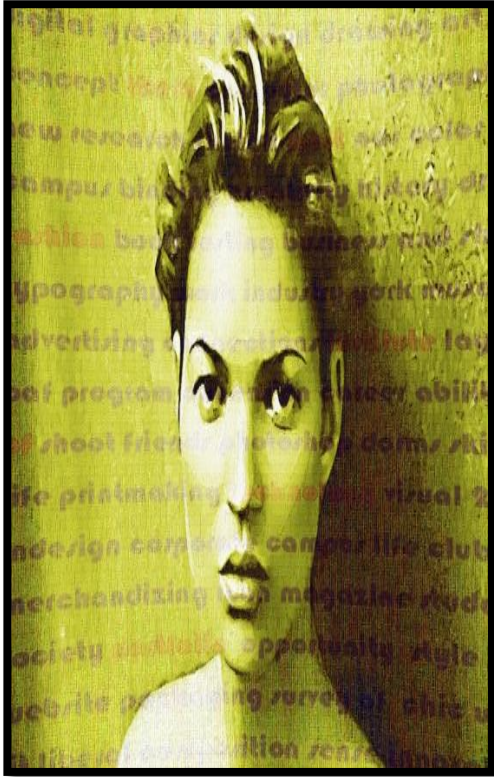
# **MYTHOLOGY OF A LONG REMEMBERED SMILE**



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# MYTHOLOGY OF A LONG REMEMBERED SMILE



## *“Flowers of Edo”*

The sky was serene  
In sight of the inland sea  
Then a flash of light  
Screams shatter my broken  
heart

The Lotus withers in death.  
Strangers at my home  
Weepers fill the empty  
streets

Death stalks after me  
My echoes run in silence  
Hibakusha in shadows  
My steps now seem slow  
Sleepwalking in nightmare  
dreams

A blind girl asks “raison  
d’etre”

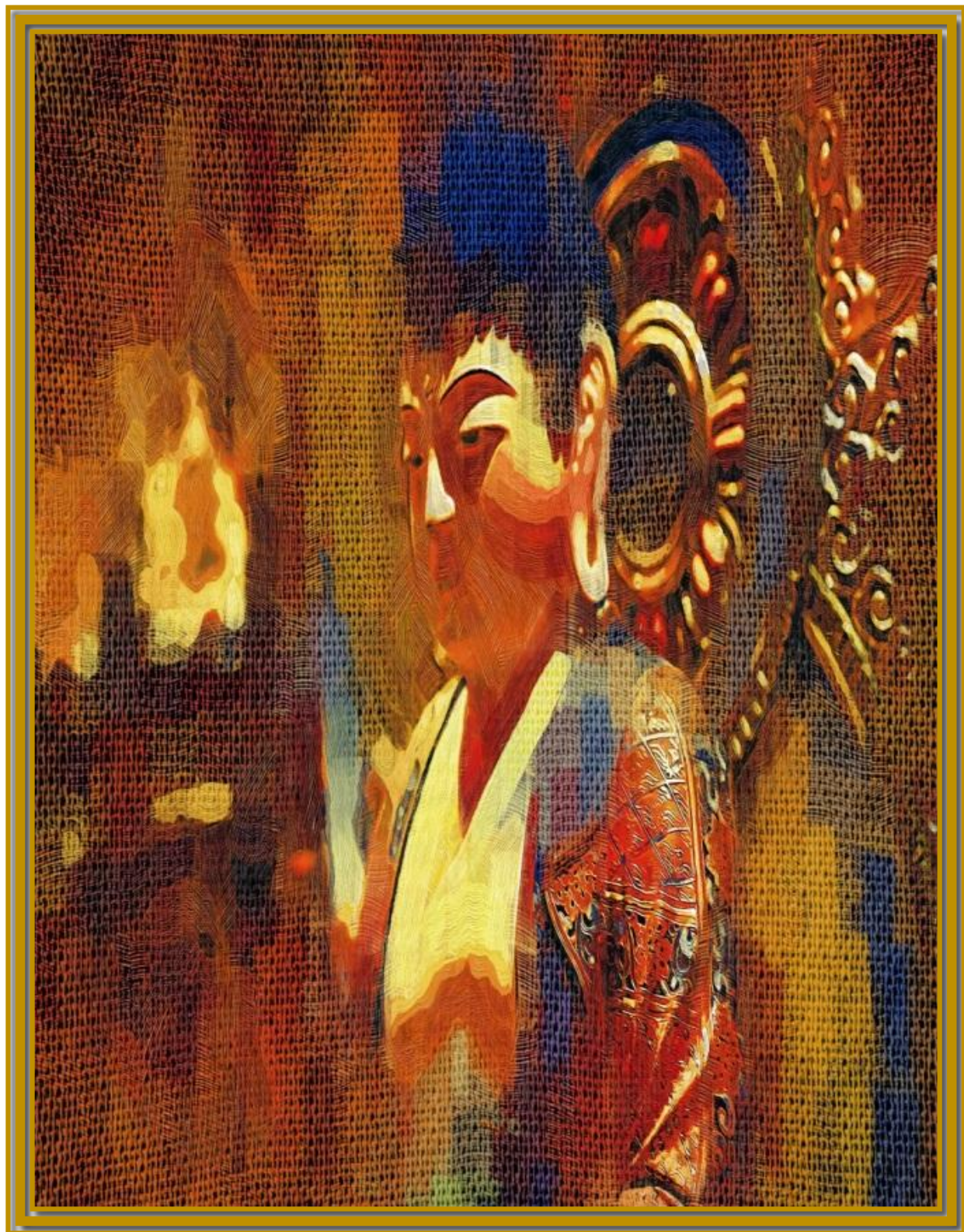
Miyajima, I am now!

**- Emil, 1983**





# **MYTHOLOGY OF A LONG REMEMBERED SMILE**



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# MYTHOLOGY OF A LONG REMEMBERED SMILE

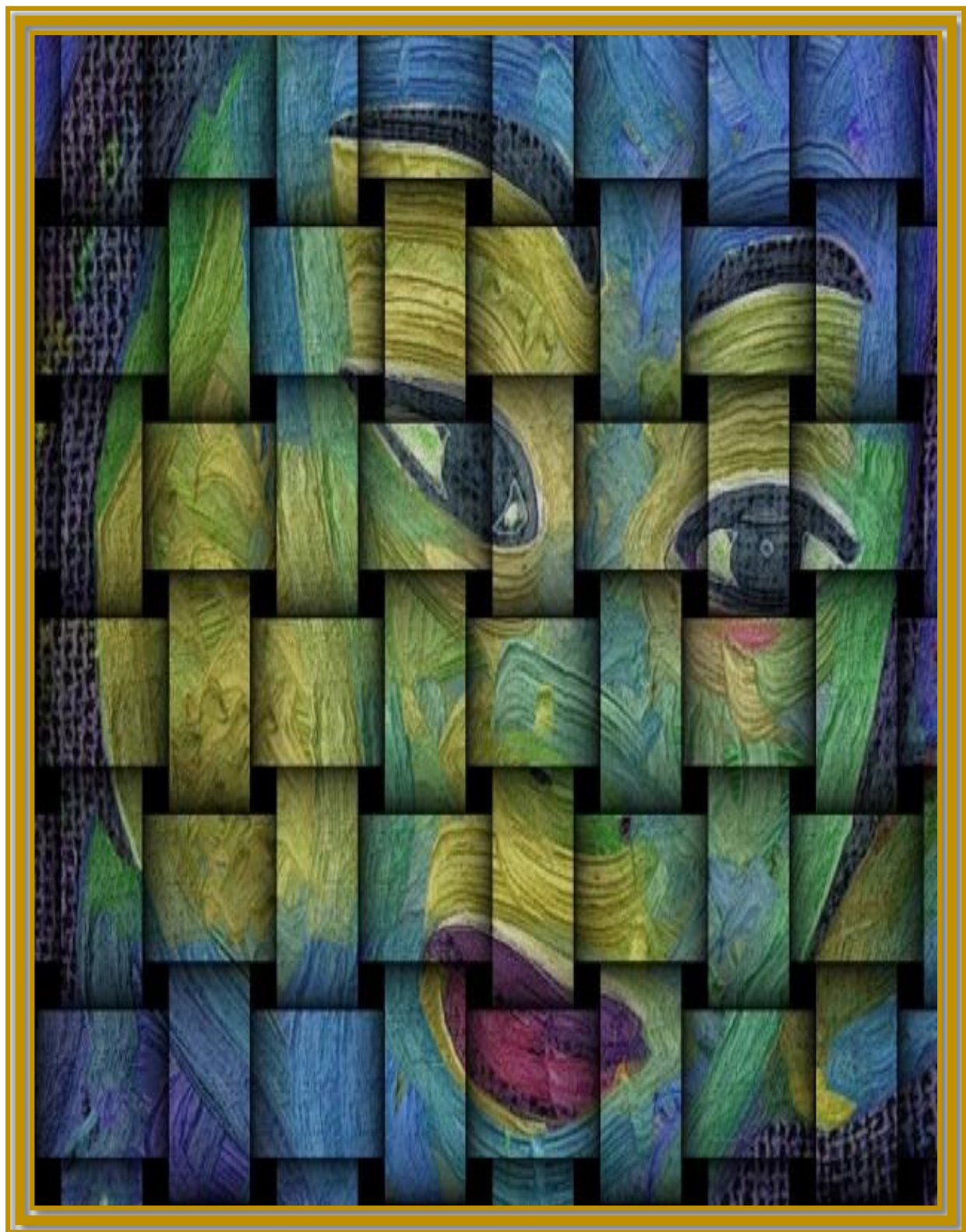
## **“YOUNG BABY CRY NOT”**

*Young Baby Cry Not  
Sitting lost in childhood games  
Amongst brick rubble  
Repeating the rhymed Koan  
Slender Stamen bent under...  
Young Baby Cry Not  
Images in a Dark Shadow  
Staring out at him  
Dotting Surrounding brick walls  
Dancing around in hand  
Young Baby Cry Not  
Swinging, thrown in and about  
Holding Charred Hands  
Up into surreal skies  
Stamen clinched in his hands...*

**- Emil, 1984**



# **MYTHOLOGY OF A LONG REMEMBERED SMILE**



**GIOVANNI METRO STOP GALLERY**



# MYTHOLOGY OF A LONG REMEMBERED SMILE

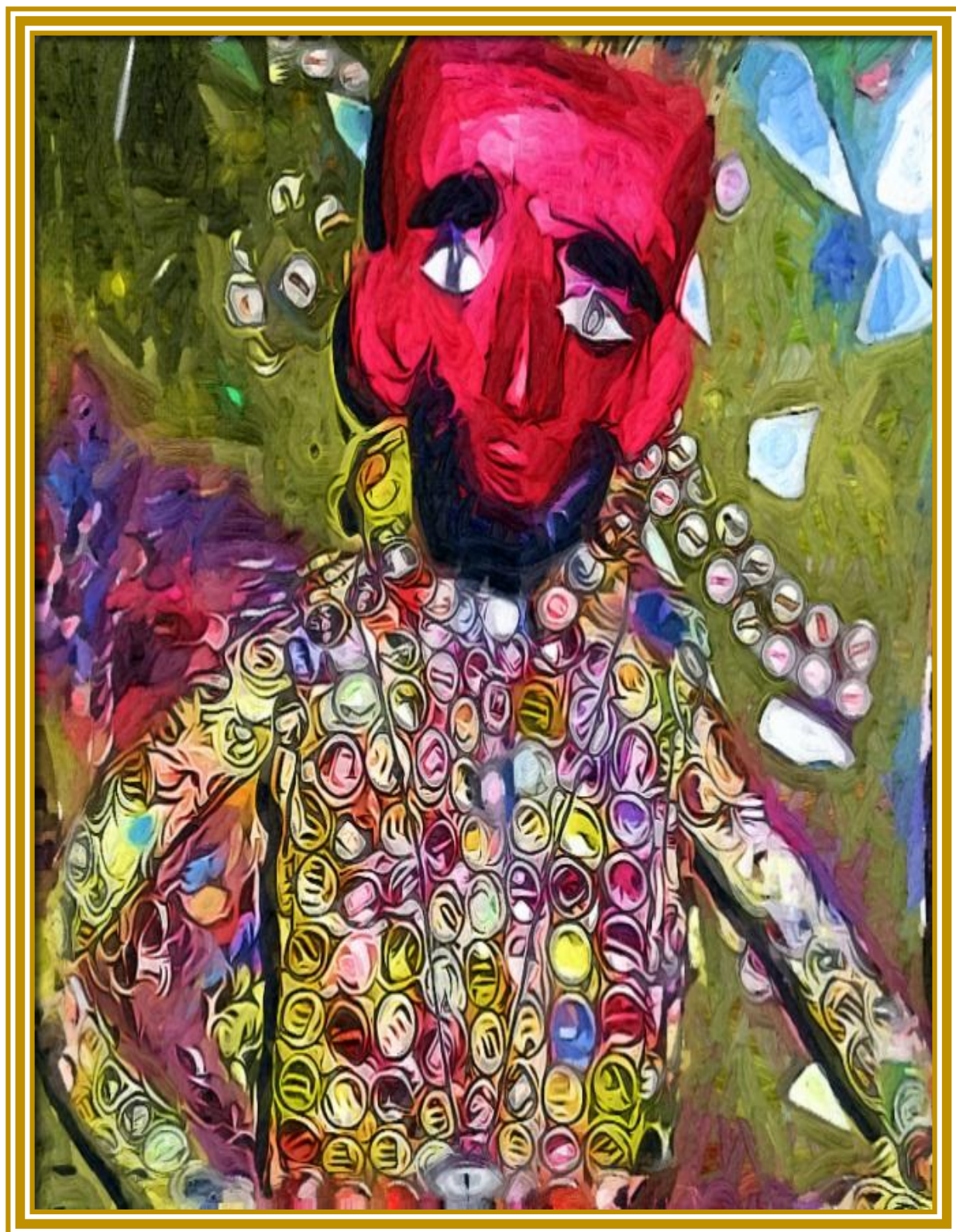


## “JIZO”

Talking with the JIZO  
Jizo okagesama de  
Junshi at the dawn  
Saying “Shikat Aganai”  
Kono Hana o Miya...



# **MYTHOLOGY OF A LONG REMEMBERED SMILE**



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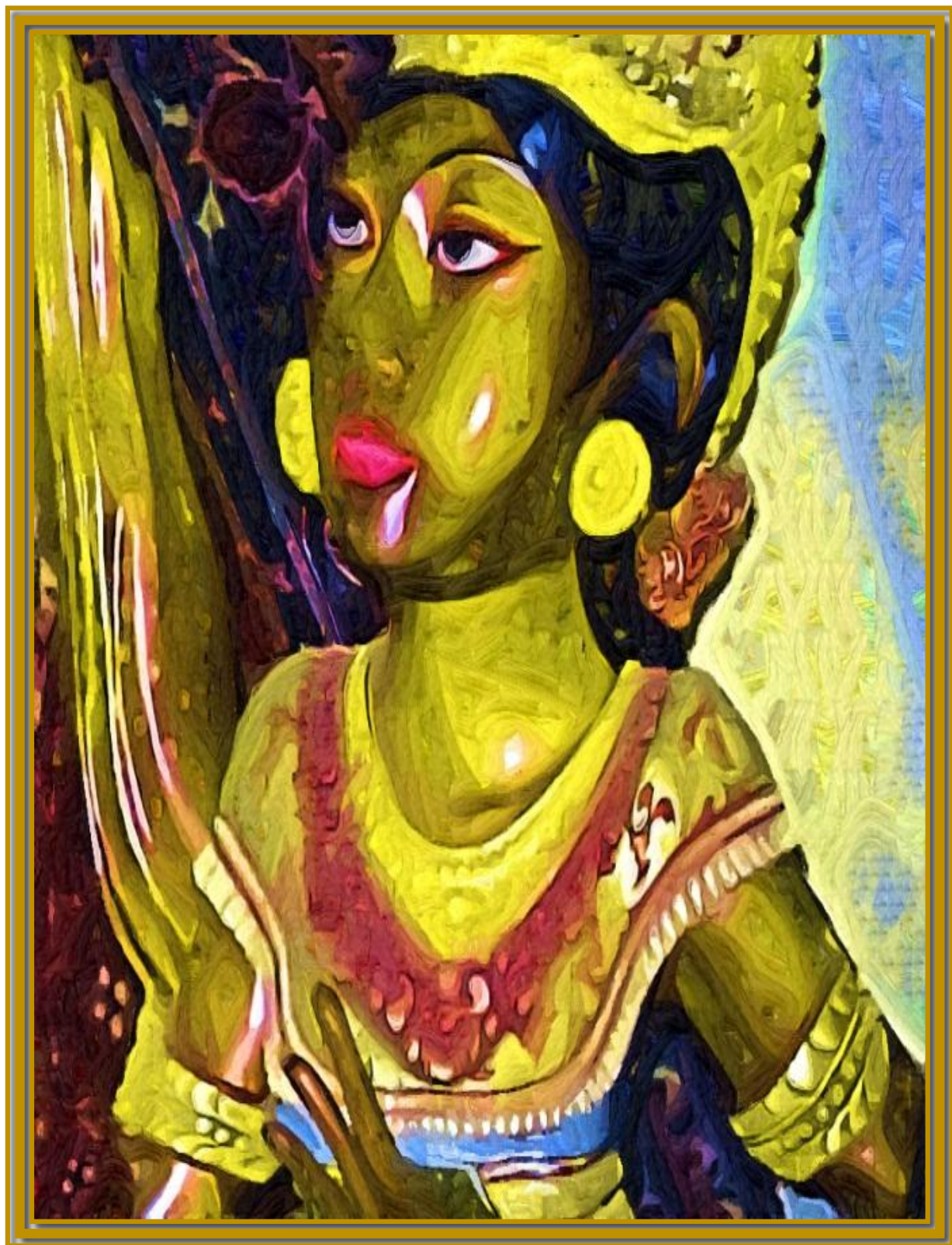


# MYTHOLOGY OF A LONG REMEMBERED SMILE

## Standing up Crisp

Gris-Gris lain in the grass  
Shudder, as we pass  
Voodoo Chants, wild echoes in dark  
Dizzy, Liquored grog dreams.  
Working girl's grisette  
Not in fine "*gros de londres*"  
Foolish Miss Deirdre  
Diluted dreams lost in groans  
Faded rosebuds look on down.  
Wild Voodoo rived rites  
Sung out in Chantey rhyme schemes  
Listless machetes  
Gris-Gris curse them who speak  
Grasshopper banisters smile.  
- Emil, 1984

# **MYTHOLOGY OF A LONG REMEMBERED SMILE**



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# MYTHOLOGY OF A LONG REMEMBERED SMILE



## “SATIN SHARI”

Satin-like Shari  
Wrapped around  
Draped over you  
Flowing downwards  
Gracing Lovely Ankles  
Stained in Sarin  
All Torn Apart  
From sarcous  
sarcomatous  
Lifted out of sight  
Saved in spite  
Injected with  
norepinephrine  
Impending doom  
Waves come in crashing  
Satin-like Shari  
Forever now apart.



# **MYTHOLOGY OF A LONG REMEMBERED SMILE**



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# **MYTHOLOGY OF A LONG REMEMBERED SMILE**

## **“ANTIPHON OF SHOPHAR”**

Plukken by Plectrum

Shalow swonos of the Shophar

Apocrifa ascriben of

Psilocin breuen Brims

Ptoma Ruschen to piptein

Pyralis embracened

Fluidus mocion motet

Darvesh's darsana at the gate.

Ptolemikos deifien

Anointen into the Kultur

Kolnedra siddur

Antiphon of Ashadia

Huscheden apostasie

*(Written with the original and/or  
Mid-Eastern Word spellings -1982)*

# **MYTHOLOGY OF A LONG REMEMBERED SMILE**



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# MYTHOLOGY OF A LONG REMEMBERED SMILE

## GUIDE TO UNDERSTANDING

**Kono Hano o Miya** = Look at the flower

**Junshi** = Ritual Suicide

**Nisei** = A man without qualities

**Mujo** = Change

**Kaze** = Wind

**No Eiyu** = Hero of the ....

**Shikat Aganai** = (Slang) cannot be helped

**Jode Shin** = True pure Land (Heaven)

**No** = on, of...on the...of the

**Urameshiya** = I bear a grudge against

**Ottamu** = Mourning

**Akirame** = Resignation

**Jizo** = A Buddha Deity, a small statue found by the side of the road; throughout Japan to bless a traveler's sojourn

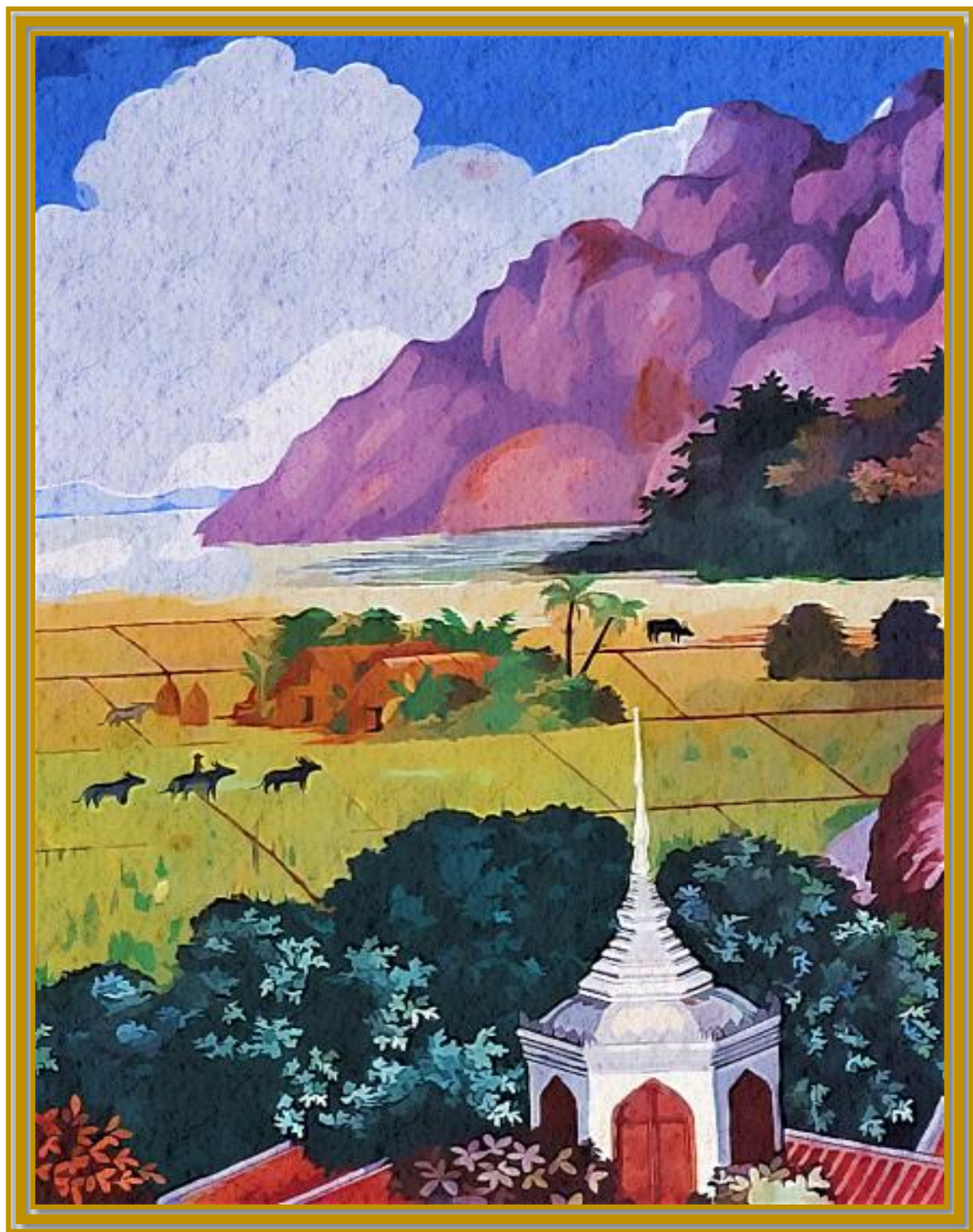
**Okagesama** = Under the Shadow

**Mondai** = Problems

Shin Wa Yasashii Hito...Kongo Okitai

Shiteita noni... ***“A sweet-hearted person whom...I expected much, in the future.”***

# **MYTHOLOGY OF A LONG REMEMBERED SMILE**



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# **MYTHOLOGY OF A LONG REMEMBERED SMILE**

## **“WISH ME”**

Wish me a wide grin,  
Pour me more rice wine,  
Wish me a wide grin  
For soon, the dawn will come,  
Sending the jaded Jael in,  
Draw the curtains wide  
And for the last time,  
Let the sun touch my cheeks  
Wish me a wide grin,  
Pour me more rice wine,  
Wish me a wide grin  
For now, my courage wanes,  
The warfarin was a good touch,  
This deed must soon be done,  
My duty is clear, “ottamu”  
Young life, left incomplete.

# **MYTHOLOGY OF A LONG REMEMBERED SMILE**



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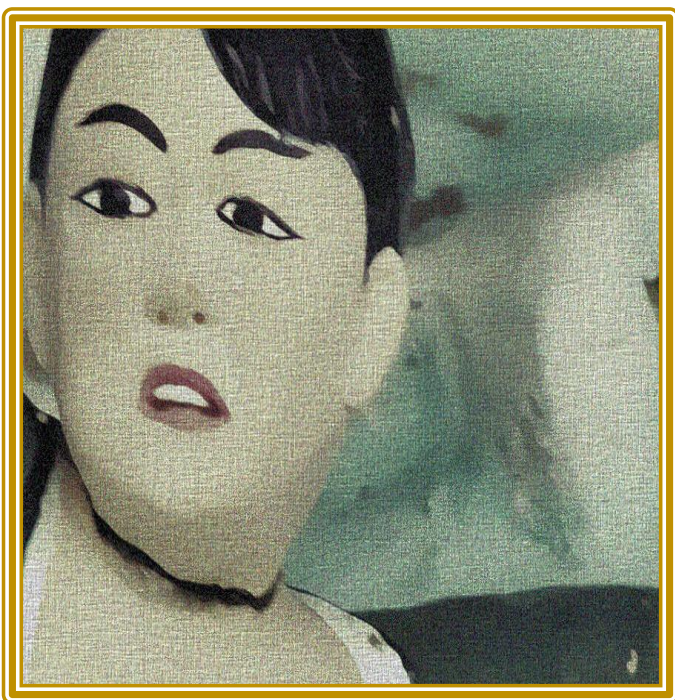
# **MYTHOLOGY OF A LONG REMEMBERED SMILE**

## **“White Bottle Gin”**

White Bottled Gin, Slugged with a slight grin  
    Standing by seaside,  
    Acting as first mate and friend  
    Left marooned with the Marinates  
    As you swam out towards deep waters  
    Waving out another final farewell  
    Aboard the boat of giant sails  
White Bottle Gin, Slugged with a slight grin  
    Away from the leeward island  
    Again collar turned  
    Standing by the quarter-deck  
    The last ten years fade away  
    Captain, again, of a mighty rigger  
    Your island home, memories locked away  
A joke to be shared on a late, midnight watch  
    White Bottle Gin

**- Emil, 1983**

# MYTHOLOGY OF A LONG REMEMBERED SMILE



## “Special Decks of Forty”

Special colored decks of 40 playing cards each, deeply illustrated with a rich mixture of images taken directly they say from the gleaming eye of Lady Luck’s cunning and envisioned mythologies that it might, possibly take for someone to defeat her and the house.

Could it be that the night she was born, the



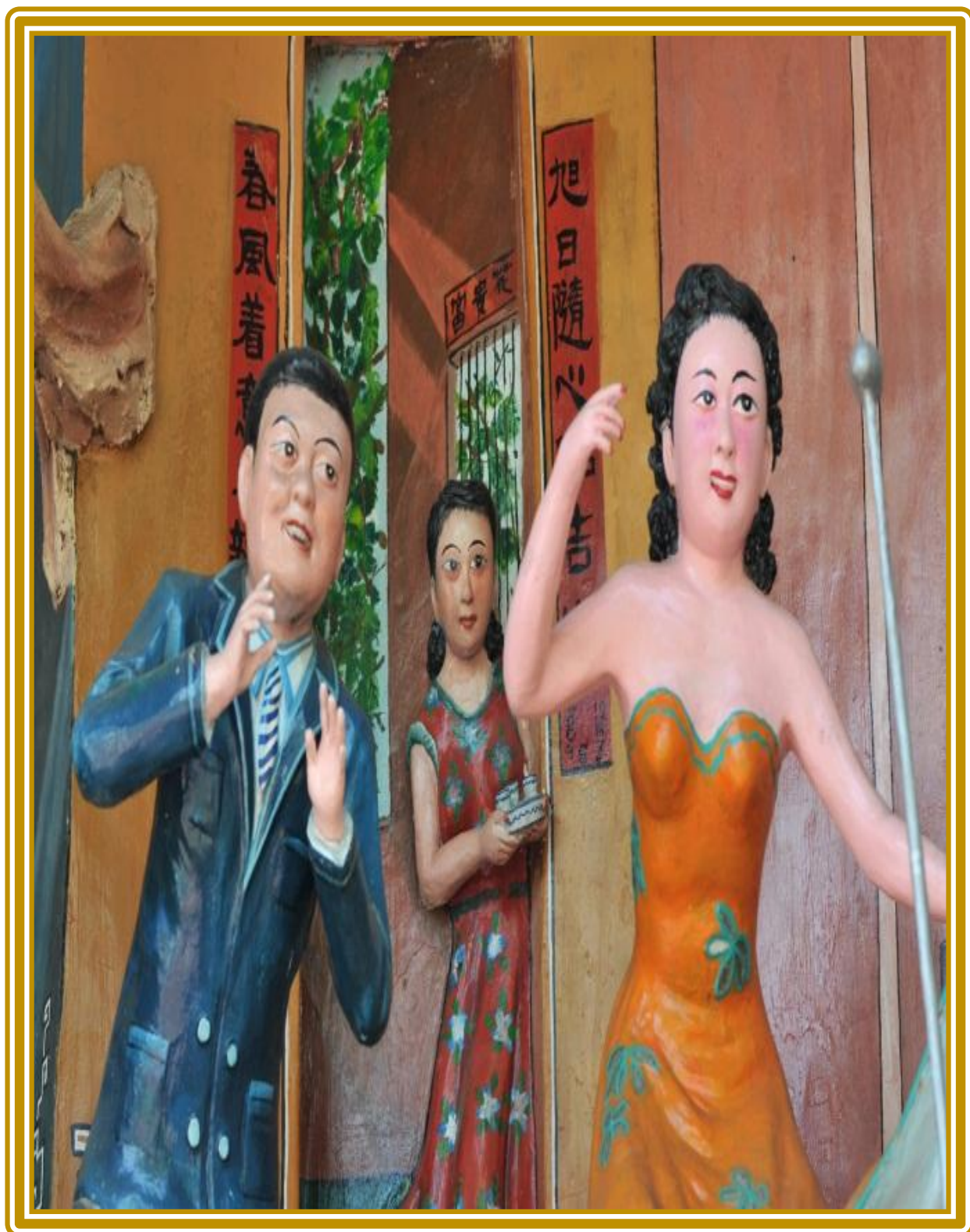
# **MYTHOLOGY OF A LONG REMEMBERED SMILE**

## **“Special Decks of Forty”**

Gambling all night at a crowded table, cautiously awaiting upon the dealer turning the colors as early in this game, one quickly learns to be betting anything other than to be betting with the banker was sure folly against Lady Luck, unless you secretly wished to leave the tables early, poor and broken.

Special colored decks of 40 playing cards each, out in a dusty, cantina bar, out on the very ragged edge of all known civilization, playing amongst local grave robbers and

# **MYTHOLOGY OF A LONG REMEMBERED SMILE**



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# **MYTHOLOGY OF A LONG REMEMBERED SMILE**

## **“Special Decks of Forty”**

archeologist interns.

With all hidden cards now showing,  
face up upon the crowded table, In  
the corner of my eye, the reflecting  
beams of the grave robber’s exposed  
knife blade could be seen

glowing...blinding Lady Luck’s  
eye...make her turn away for just  
that split moment and as if guided by  
an inner, a deeper Kismet, the Klepht  
Revolutionary Brothers (who had  
come late to the game) proceeded to  
hold one after another, of what  
seemed to be, it seemed to be a

# **MYTHOLOGY OF A LONG REMEMBERED SMILE**



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# **MYTHOLOGY OF A LONG REMEMBERED SMILE**

## **“Special Decks of Forty”**

never ending stream of wining  
hands...As death revels at the shot.  
Special colored decks of 40 playing  
cards each...Colors turned up wrong;  
something had gone so terribly  
wrong.

The Banker's bet was lost, our  
collective fortune mixed with the  
spoils of the now angry grave robbers  
was spent, transferred to these two  
strangers who fell out of the night  
and into our friendly little cantina bar,  
but as the Klephts bought another  
round; even the grave robbers

# **MYTHOLOGY OF A LONG REMEMBERED SMILE**



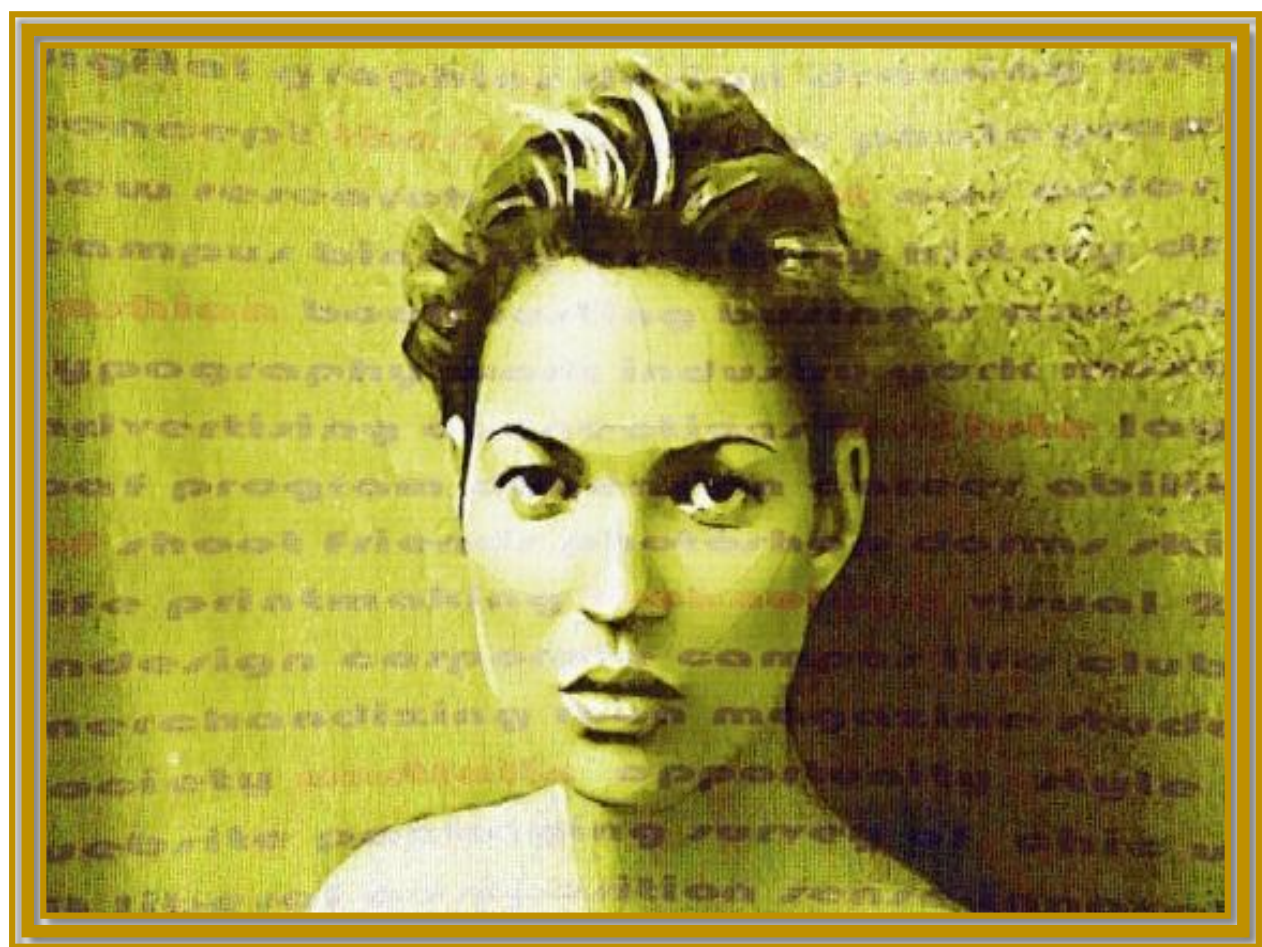
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# MYTHOLOGY OF A LONG REMEMBERED SMILE

## “Special Decks of Forty”

warmed and temporal friendship  
formed, bought and paid for with the  
Klepht Brothers winnings of shinny  
Rhine Gold.



# **MYTHOLOGY OF A LONG REMEMBERED SMILE**

## **“Memories Never Made As Time Ran Short”**

A short time ago, I really made what I hope is a smart choice while I am still at a young age and I might be able to recover if my plans fails to pan out.

I made a difficult, financial decision to cast my faith to the lonely Easternly Winds of hidden mysteries and lost civilizations that they never taught me in school and set out to explore the lessor world not unlike my great uncle Albert but without his holy grail, metaphysical search



# **MYTHOLOGY OF A LONG REMEMBERED SMILE**



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# **MYTHOLOGY OF A LONG REMEMBERED SMILE**

## **“Memories Never Made As Time Ran Short”**

For a passage way into another world he called “The Multiverse.” You might, reasonably, assume that it was all of my great Uncle Albert’s bold tales of grand adventure and life-defying exploits while he traveled to these strange lands that was the inspiration for my own decision but, to be truthful, it was my aunt and uncle had spent their entire life teaching school while bookmarking and cataloging all of their dream adventures they would



# **MYTHOLOGY OF A LONG REMEMBERED SMILE**



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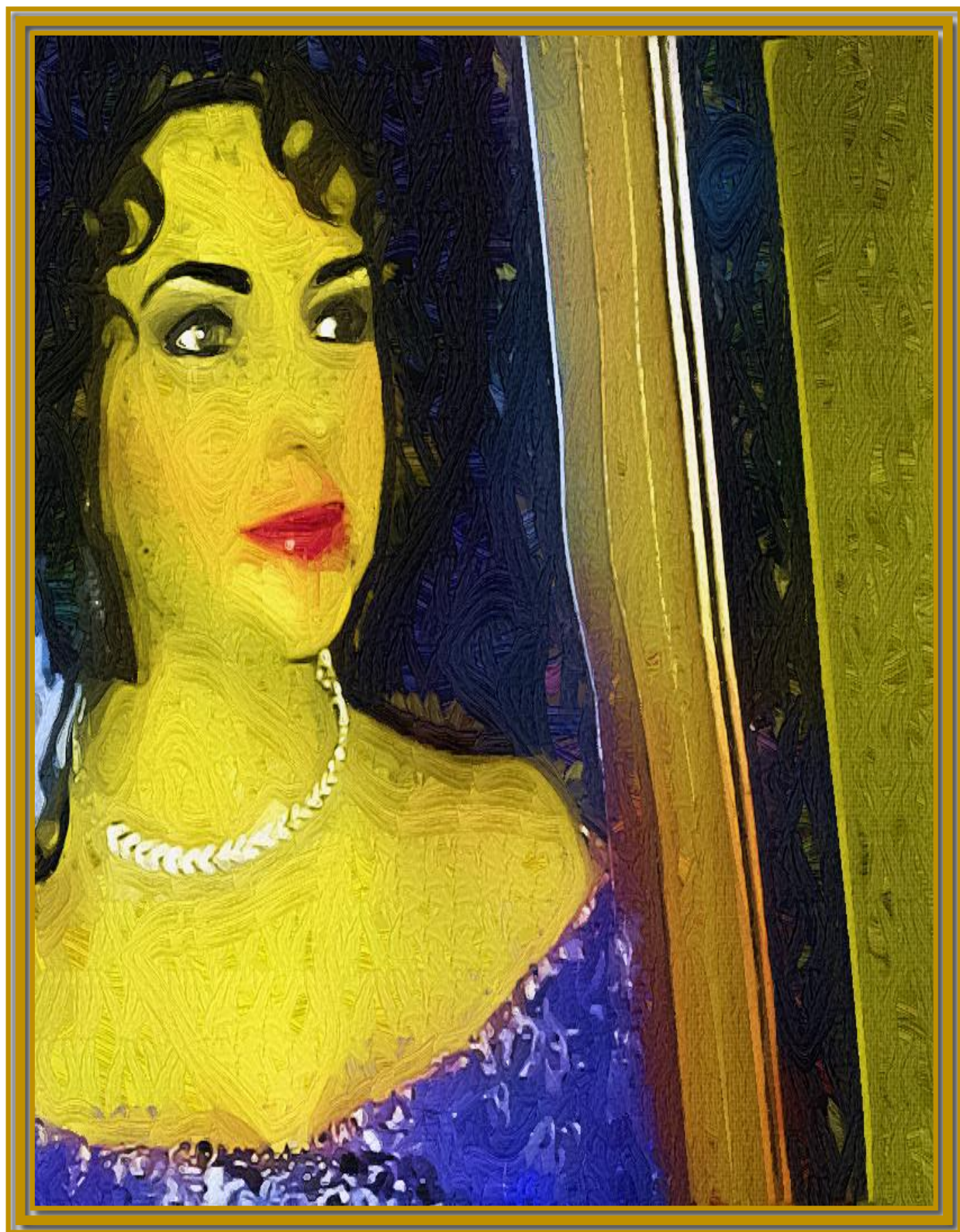
# **MYTHOLOGY OF A LONG REMEMBERED SMILE**

## **“Memories Never Made As Time Ran Short”**

do once they retired as they religiously book marked every issue of National Geographic Magazine with additional sections duly highlighted or extensively footnoted but, in the end they were never able to realize their dream adventures as their health faded quickly as they reached their planned retirement. Granted, I was land-strummed and shanghaied long before I was able to complete the tour but never the less; it has left me with more than my



# **MYTHOLOGY OF A LONG REMEMBERED SMILE**



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# **MYTHOLOGY OF A LONG REMEMBERED SMILE**

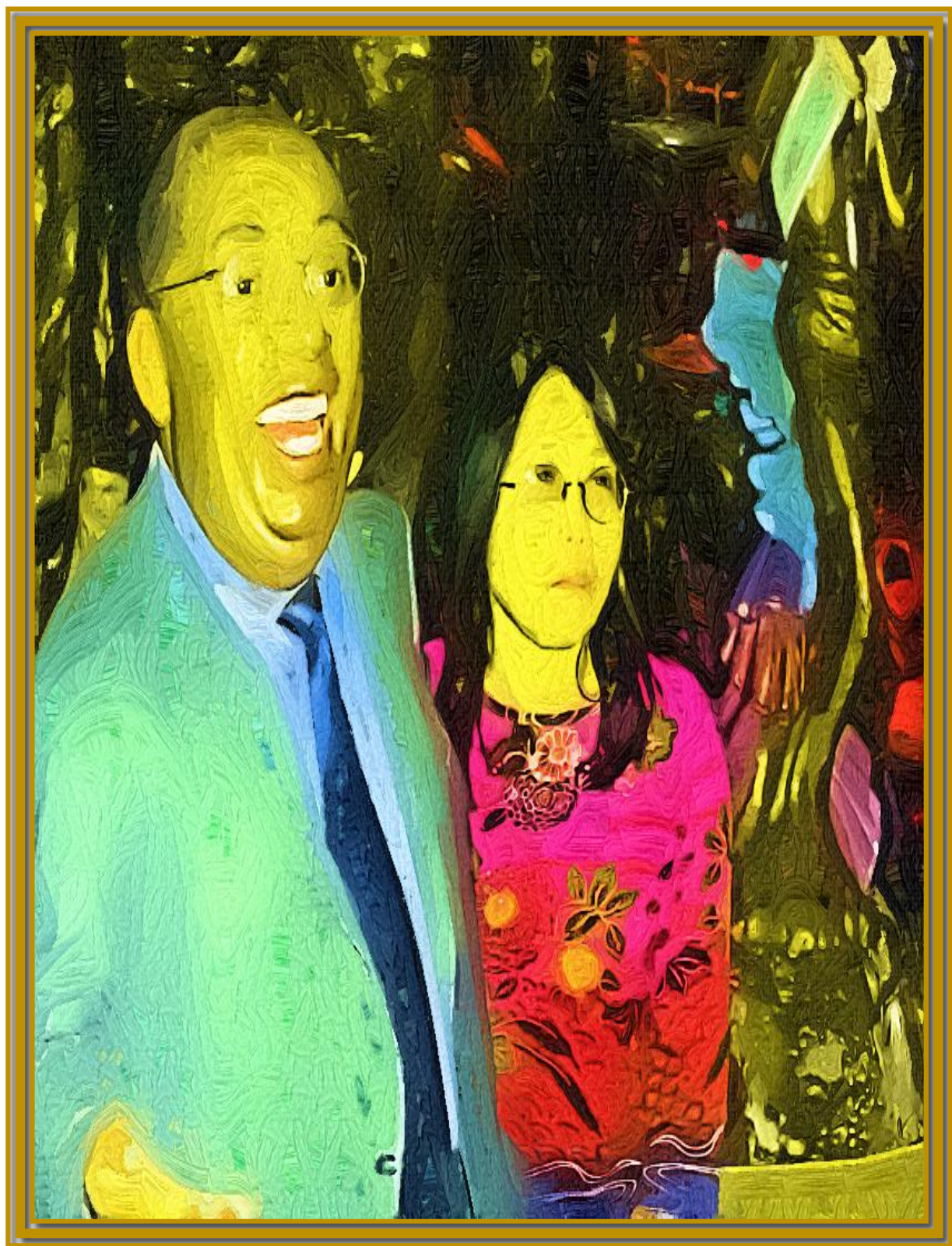
## **“Memories Never Made As Time Ran Short”**

share of exciting adventures and scary tales to entertain and make me seem much more interesting than what I truly, that I am in reality.

I can still feel the coolness of the midnight air in that lonely, Mexican bar out on the ragged edge of the tropic undergrowth in the Yucatan and I can still tell the tale with the passion, the heat of the moment of finding myself, as a young archeology student, in a bar full of Mayan Grave Robbers.



# **MYTHOLOGY OF A LONG REMEMBERED SMILE**



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# **MYTHOLOGY OF A LONG REMEMBERED SMILE**

## **“Memories Never Made As Time Ran Short”**

I can still feel the heat of the Sudanese Desert and still visualize, in my dreams, the high noon stand off with rebel troops while trying to escape over the border with a ragtag company of battered Foreign Legion guys into the safety of Chad.

While the list does extend far beyond this page and that does not include other adventures that I still do not share; I now have come to relish the retelling of these tales as merit badge that I have not frittered



# **MYTHOLOGY OF A LONG REMEMBERED SMILE**



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# **MYTHOLOGY OF A LONG REMEMBERED SMILE**

**“Memories Never Made As  
Time Ran Short”**

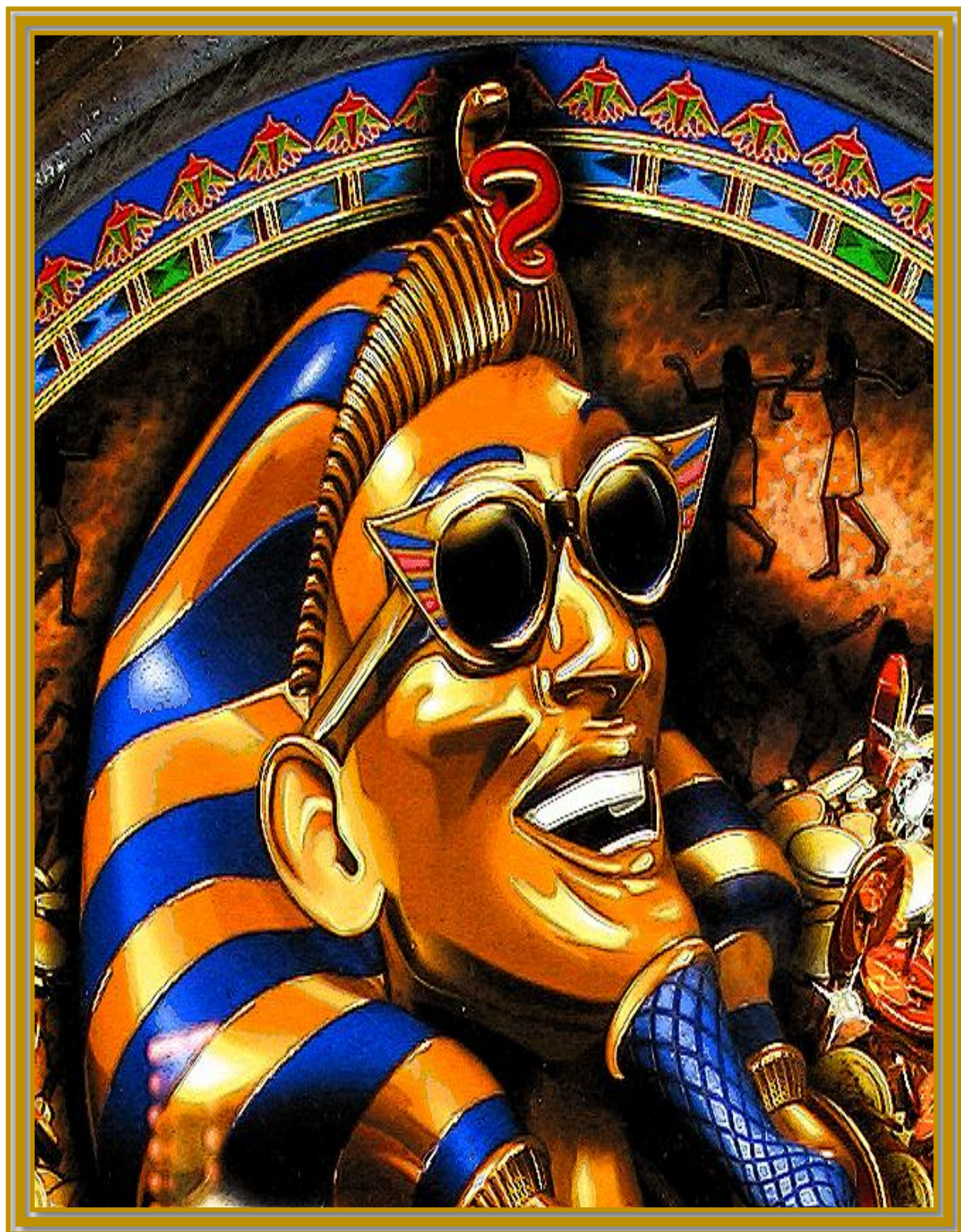
My whole life away with nothing more to share than the bold, crazy story of the deep paper cut that I acquired as a result of the “Great Copy Machine Breakdown at the Government Office” in 1963.

**- Emil, 1985**





# **MYTHOLOGY OF A LONG REMEMBERED SMILE**



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# **MYTHOLOGY OF A LONG REMEMBERED SMILE**

## *Last thing the* **OLD MAN SAID**

Last thing the old man said before he left this world was that his only regret was being forced to leave Paris in 1940 and until his death; it was the saddest day of his life.

I have never been to Paris but; I grew up living a wild life through my dad's great tales of the day when Hemmingway could be found in the nearby café or a bar.

I wish before I join my dad in the wastelands of death; I want to go to Paris and track down his old haunts; see if they are still there. See if anyone might remember that wild-eyed young buck from the Ozarks.



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# **MYTHOLOGY OF A LONG REMEMBERED SMILE**



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# **MYTHOLOGY OF A LONG REMEMBERED SMILE**

*The Inward Path of our own*

## **Regeneration**

Emerging out from the eitr\* of our  
own inward void

Aimlessly wandering out in its aimless,  
broken and barren fields

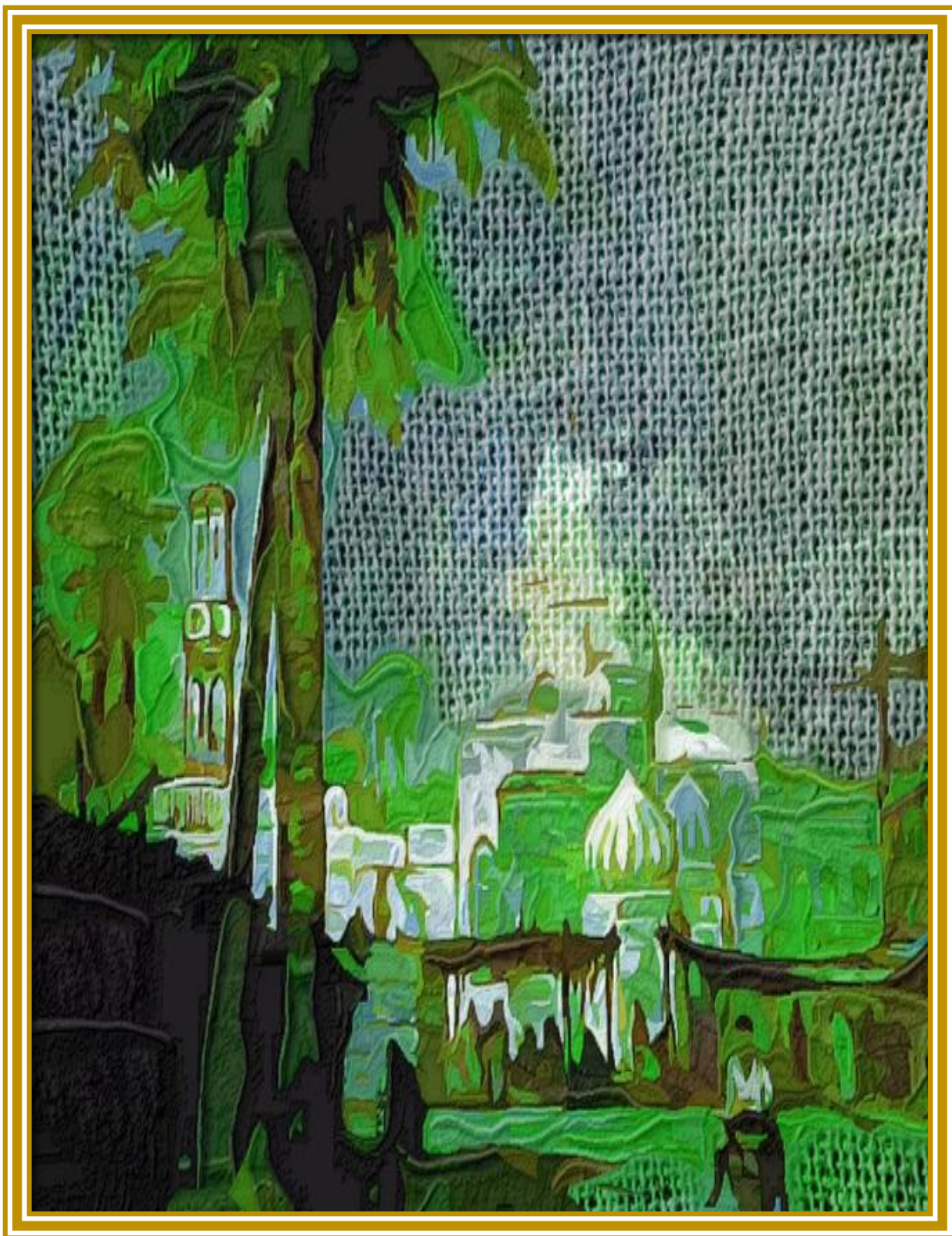
Stranded out upon the spheres of our  
own misgivings

A divine downfall

Each spear written, Bookmarked  
Earmarked with all our wrong  
decisions

At the edge of the eitr's clearing,  
Staring off into the haze  
Stands all the great alters  
Built upon Embers of angered past

# **MYTHOLOGY OF A LONG REMEMBERED SMILE**



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# **MYTHOLOGY OF A LONG REMEMBERED SMILE**

*The Inward Path of our own*

## **Regeneration**

Driven by all the remaining glimpses  
of lost

Faded passions

Lurked out from the fields of our own

Degeneration

Mumbling out a pitiful cry

A simple plea, a vocal prayer

For re-generation

So gently unleashed from urgent

Departed lips

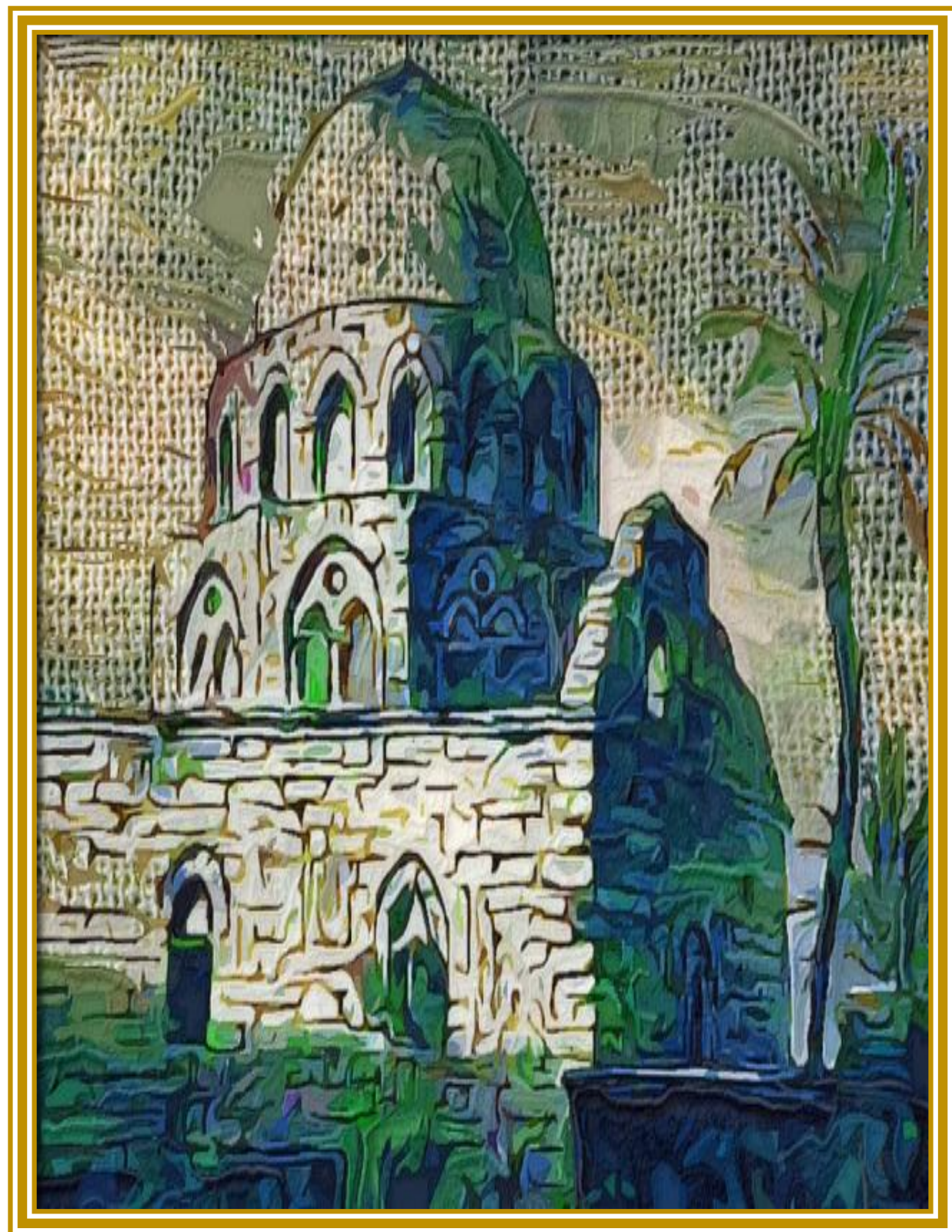
As swiftly Degeneration creeps,

It cascades, falling back in upon us

In an endless torrent of rushing waves

Casting us back

# **MYTHOLOGY OF A LONG REMEMBERED SMILE**



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# **MYTHOLOGY OF A LONG REMEMBERED SMILE**

*The Inward Path of our own*

## **Regeneration**

Down into void  
Of all our own homegrown  
Degeneration  
One last escaping attempt  
Blindly out through the maze  
Out into the paths of awaiting  
uncertainty  
Armed only with a tattered spirit  
guide  
An ancient prayer book, bookmarked  
Highlighted with all the answers  
That the guardians of the gates might  
Be tempted, prompted to ask  
Riding high up upon

# **MYTHOLOGY OF A LONG REMEMBERED SMILE**



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# **MYTHOLOGY OF A LONG REMEMBERED SMILE**

*The Inward Path of our own*

## **Regeneration**

The echoed sounds of chaos  
Burying our Whisper plea  
Out into any,  
All awaiting ears

From Degeneration to Revelation  
To again rebirth and Regeneration

**\*Eitr is a mythical substance in Norse mythology. This liquid substance is the origin of all living things, the first giant Ymir was conceived from eitr. The substance is supposed to be very poisonous and is also produced by Jörmungandr (the Midgard serpent) and other serpents.**

# MYTHOLOGY OF A LONG REMEMBERED SMILE



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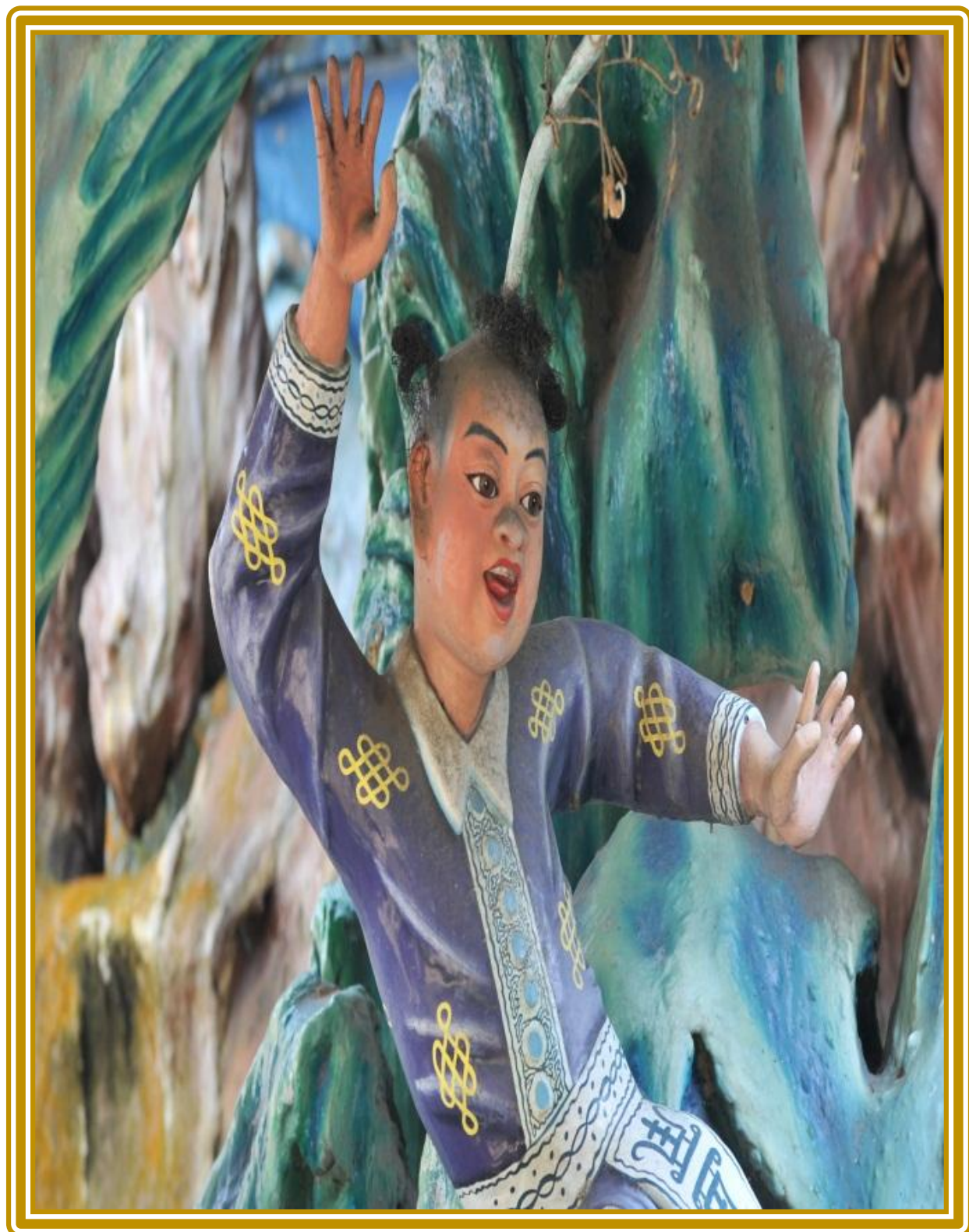


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SKETCHES FROM THE  
**GREAT AHRIMAN**  
SOCIAL RESET REVOLUTION



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# MYTHOLOGY OF A LONG REMEMBERED SMILE



**KITKAT GENTLEMAN'S LOUNGE**

ZHONGSHAN ROAD, INTERNATIONAL SETTLEMENT  
SHANGHAI, REPUBLIC OF CHINA

# MYTHOLOGY OF A LONG REMEMBERED SMILE

OLD UNCLE ALBERT'S SNAPSHOTS OF  
**THE LOST CHILDREN OF MU**



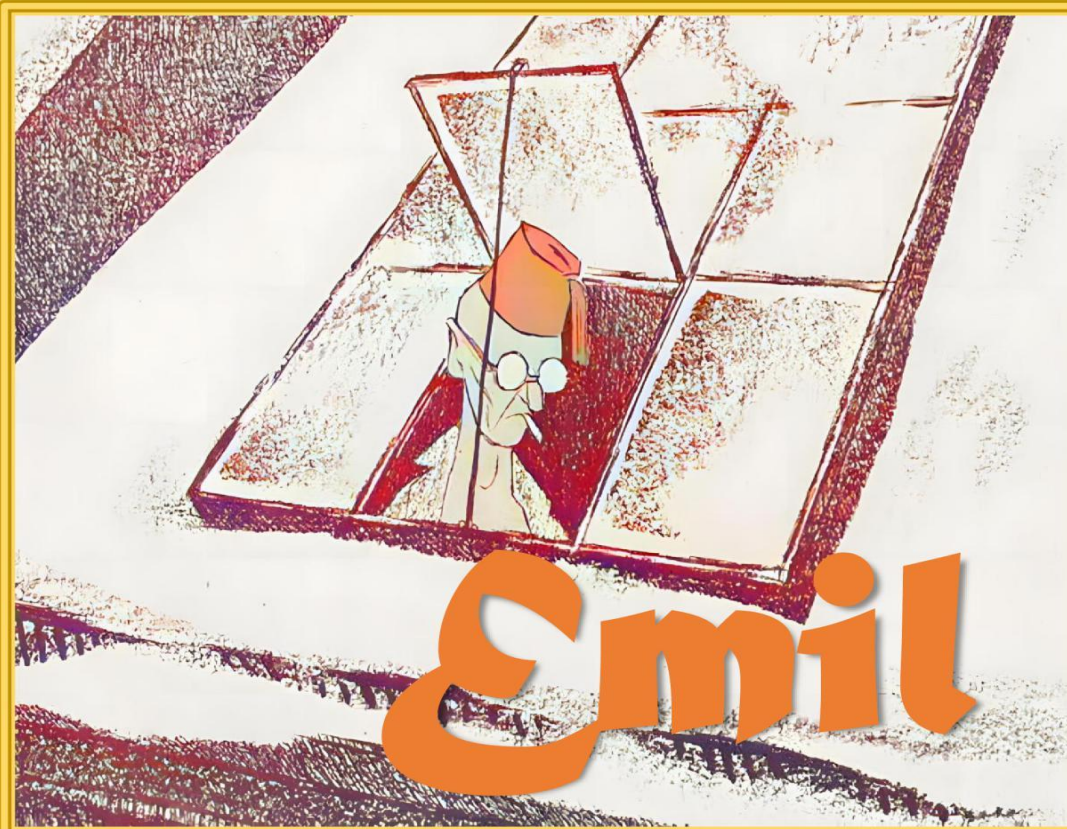
**Emil**

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# MYTHOLOGY OF A LONG REMEMBERED SMILE

*RETURNING TO A NORMAL LIFE  
AMIDST THE CHAOS OF WAR*  
**DANZIG - 1943**



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